The Revolution.

"What, therefore, God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

VOL. VI.—NO. 9. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1870. WHOLE NO. 139.

Poetry.

DE PROFUNDIS.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

I.

The face which, duly as the sun,
Rose up for me with life begun,
To mark all bright hours of the day
With daily love, is dimmed away,—
And yet my days go on, go on.

II.

The tongue which, like a stream, could run
Smooth music from the roughest stone,
And every morning with 'Good-day'
Made each day good, is hushed away,—
And yet my days go on, go on.

III.

The heart which, like a staff, was one
For mine to lean and rest upon;
The strongest on the longest day
With steadfast love, is caught away,—
And yet my days go on, go on,

IV.

And cold before my summer's done,
And deaf in Nature's general tune,
And fallen too low for special fear,
And here, with hope no longer here,—
While the tears drop, my days go on.

V.

The world goes whispering to its own,
"This anguish pierces to the bone."
And tender friends go sighing round,
"What love can ever cure this wound?"
My days go on, my days go on.

VI.

The past rolls forward on the sun
And makes all night. O dreams begun,
Not to be ended! Ended bliss!
And life, that will not end in this!
My days go on, my days go on.

VII.

Breath freezes on my lips to moan:
As one alone, once not alone,
I sit and knock at Nature's door,
Heart-bare, heart-hungry, very poor,
Whose desolated days go on.

VIII.

I knock and cry, * * Undone, undone!
Is there no help, no comfort—none?
No gleaning in the wide wheat-plains
Where others drive their loaded wains?
My vacant days go on, go on.

IX.

This Nature, though the snows be down,
Thinks kindly of the bird of June.
The little red hip on the tree
Is ripe for such. What is for me,
Whose days so winterly go on?

X.

No bird am I to sing in June,
And dare not ask an equal boon.
Good nests and berries red are Nature's
To give away to better creatures,—
And yet my days go on, go on.

XI.

I ask less kindness to be done,—
Only to loose these pilgrim-shoon
(Too early worn and grimed) with sweet
Cool deathly touch to these tired feet,
Till days go out which now go on.

XII.

Only to lift the turf unmown
From on the earth where it has grown,
Some cubit-space, and say "Behold,
Creep in, poor Heart, beneath that fold,
Forgetting how the days go on."

XIII.

What harm would *that* do? Green anon,
The sward would quicken, overshone
By skies as blue; and crickets might
Have leave to chirp there day and night
While my new rest went on, went on.

XIV.

From gracious Nature have I won
Such liberal bounty? May I run
So, lizard-like, within her side,
And there be safe, who now am tried
By days that painfully go on?

XV.

—A Voice reproves me thereupon,
More sweet than Nature's, when the drone
Of bees is sweetest, and more deep
Than when the rivers overleap
The shuddering pines, and thunder on.

XVI.

God's Voice, not Nature's—night and noon
He sits upon the great white throne
And listens for the creatures' praise.
What babble we of days and days?
The Dayspring He, whose days go on.

XVII.

He reigns above, he reigns alone:
Systems burn out and leave His throne:
Fair mists of seraphs melt and fall
Around Him, changeless amid all!—
Ancient of days, whose days go on.

XVIII.

He reigns below, He reigns alone,—
And having life in love foregone
Beneath the crown of sovran thorns,
He reigns the jealous God. Who mourns
Or rules with HIM, while days go on?

XIX.

By anguish which made pale the sun,
I hear him charge his saints that none
Among the creatures anywhere
Blaspheme against Him with despair,
However darkly days go on.

XX.

—Take from my head the thorn-wreath brown!
No mortal grief deserves that crown.
O supreme Love, chief misery,
The sharp regalia are for *Thee*
Whose days eternally go on!

XXI.

For us, * * whatever's undergone,
Thou knowest, willest what is done;
Grief may be joy misunderstood:
Only the Good discerns the good.
I trust thee while my days go on.

XXII.

Whatever's lost, it first was won:
We will not struggle nor impugn.
Perhaps the cup was broken here
That Heaven's new wine might show more clear.
I praise Thee while my days go on!

XXIII.

I praise Thee while my days go on;
I love Thee while my days go on!
Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,
With emptied arms and treasure lost
I thank Thee while my days go on!

XXIV.

And, having in thy life-depth thrown
Being and suffering, (which are one,)
As a child drops some pebble small
Down some deep well and hears it fall
Smiling * * * so I! THY DAYS GO ON!

Our Special Contributors.

A PLEA FOR JUSTICE.

BY HETTY ATHON MORRISON.

"Sance for the goose is sauce for the gander."

"Once upon a time" I accompanied a little seven-year old girl upon her first fishing excursion.

My own attempts at indulgence in the sport having always been accompanied with such qualms of conscience as to render it doubtful whether I were enjoying a pleasure or enduring a pain, I was desirous of ascertaining whether the half-acknowledged feeling of wrong was a natural instinct or the result of education; and to test the matter I said to the child:

"Do you think it wrong to fish?"

She replied:

"It is wrong for women and girls to fish, but not for men and boys."

Whether her answer was dictated by innate or acquired perceptions, and how far the argument served to decide the real moral aspect of the subject in question, I do not pretend to determine. I remember it, and cite it here only to remark upon the prevalency of the like reasoning upon the subject of woman's rights.

Nature, from her chair of authoritative teaching, says: "God, the Creator, and souls, the created;" but man arrogantly usurps her seat, and self-"clothed with a little brief authority," promulgates "God, the Creator; man, the created; woman, an after-thought for the benefit of man;" and then with what a benevolent expression of countenance he dishes out his "sauce for the goose," and "sauce for the gander," with such different spicings to the separate dishes!

If there is found any spirit venturesome enough to protest against this distinction, and insist that "sauce for the goose is sauce for the

gander," he is warningly pointed back to that Eden garden, where recline that first pair, thus pictured:

"Though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal seemed;
For contemplation he, and valor formed:
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace;
He for God only, she for God in him;
His large fair front, and eye sublime, declared
Absolute rule; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad;
She, as a veil, down to the slender waist
Her unadorned golden tresses wore
Disheveled, but in wanton ringlets waved
As the vine curls his tendrils, which implied
Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best received,
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay."

And if this great argument, drawn through Milton from the Bible, be not sufficient to annihilate any advocate of equality of the sexes, he is further crushed by having St. Paul flung at him, with his "wives submit yourselves to your own husbands," and "I suffer not a woman to teach," etc., etc.

In like manner, the advocates of negro slavery used to rush to the Bible to find the intoxicated Noah, his mocking son Ham, and the consequent black babies, to use them as an argument for their cause; but since the triumphant success of abolition ideas, not the greatest stickler for Bible authority would be willing to play the part of Paul to any black Onesimus, to remand him to his bonds.

Such a course would now be universally condemned as an insult to the civilization of the century.

The triumphant inaugural and reign of the idea of the equality of the sexes will be accompanied with a like result as to its opposers and their Bible-drawn arguments.

Dear, grand, old book, upon whose pages is written the life of the bravest, noblest radical the earth has ever known—the divine man, to whose grand heights of love and charity and brotherly equality the world is yet so far from attaining—how wickedly foolish to attempt to find in you chains to fetter the world's progress!

Woman should make but one request of man—the request that Diogenes made of Alexander—"Get from between me and the sun."

Until he accedes to that request—until she is held amenable to only the same laws that control him as a rational, moral agent—until woman is made responsible to God, and not to man, there must be embarrassment and trouble in the relations the sexes sustain toward each other.

The most imperative duty enjoined upon any creature is that it live true to the laws of its own nature. If it is false to itself, of necessity it cannot maintain true relations with any other creature.

And herewith I throw a parting "sop," if man will come down from his usurped seat of authority. Let woman be permitted to assume her rightful place in creation—nothing above her save God, and at her side her brother man; and instead of the weak, foolish creature, at whose butterfly aims it has pleased him to either laugh or sneer through the bygone ages, he shall find his hand held in the firm clasp of a companion who shall read life to its highest meaning, and who shall walk bravely and faithfully beside earth's paths however dark or thorny they may be.

WOMEN AND VOTING.

BY MRS. WHEELOCK RUGGLES.

A bright young girl said to me not long since, "The majority of women don't want to vote." I simply replied, "that nearly all intelligent women are in favor of woman's voting, or at least consider the subject worthy their best thought;" which is undeniably the fact.

Our young friend, without doubt, is equally correct in her statement, because the intelligent women do not compose a majority. She doubtless said what is true of the class of women with whom she associated. But here is the point where the ignorant or indifferent majority assume to say that no woman ought or shall exercise this right, when they assume to define the sphere of woman; and to limit her activities within the narrow bounds prescribed by ancient usages, they delegated to themselves prerogatives not guaranteed them by any law or principle of right, and the intelligent minority are justified in instituting open and active rebellion. The question is simply this: Have the unintelligent majority the right to deprive the intelligent minority of the liberty to speak, preach, teach, vote, or to do anything they desire, or are capable of doing, because, forsooth, these simple-minded women believe—no doubt honestly—that it would be unwomanly to do these things? Certainly not.

This young girl, whose trite remark opens this communication, spent the larger portion of her time for nearly two weeks in scalloping, flouncing, and otherwise trimming a dress-suit, which when completed appeared to the eye of one who loves simplicity as altogether "over-trimmed," and to one who takes into account the priceless value of time (and who should *work*) it seemed moral and spiritous suicide to thus *waste* time given us for better use, than to squander in a crusade against utility and simplicity.

It is a great mistake to suppose that overdressing and decorating the body will compensate for the lack of brain, soul-culture, or conceal deficiencies of character. The vulgar disguise is quickly penetrated, when the mind stands naked and bare of a single thought or endeavor that would blossom into noble life and action. And thus it is to-day that the majority of women (who do not want to vote, our bright little friend included) busy their minds with gossip, fashion, scandal, and the foolish trifles of ordinary conversation. Yet there is a brighter side, for I find even among this non-voting majority there lies beneath this seeming or affected indifference a real and lively interest in the so-called women's movement. Indeed, all women have an instinctive feeling that the condition of women is in some way to be improved and ameliorated; but how, or by whom the change is to be wrought, they do not concern themselves to inquire, and would scorn the idea of being identified with those who mainly are to prove instrumental in affecting this much desired change.

When people assert that women are content to be confined to the domestic sphere, without any outreaching of ambition or aspirations toward the accomplishment of other aims and objects in life, entirely apart from these, they assert what every energetic, ambitious, and well-informed woman will emphatically deny to be the truth. Many and many a woman who is truly the armament and the conservitor of the home—who, apparently is happy and satisfied therein to expend all her time, talent, and strength—who is not known to have any sympathy whatever with the Women's Rights' movement, who yet feels a deep unrest and disatisfaction—an indefinite longing to do something, other and more than now doing, still unable to say what they would wish to do, because the gifts and powers of their minds are unknown to themselves. Advantageous opportunities have been denied them, which would have developed these. I have in mind a brave little woman who, in the face of many difficulties, most faithfully discharges the duties of wife, mother, and step-mother, in which are included those of nurse, governess, and household manager. She has taught herself to meet her tasks with a courageous smile, and with a cheerful word and look for all; but way down in that little woman's heart is a deep and abiding wish for other activities—a perpetual prayer for the opportunity to exercise her God-given gifts. In the solitude of her soul she covers and conceals all this from the eye and ear of all, even the one who walks by her side through life's toilsome, devious way, and not the shadow of a suspicion has he of the great world of thought and aspirations that is confined—*chained* within the soul of that devoted woman. The fact is, not one of that woman's family or friends have any understanding of her ambitious nature, or what her aims in life would be, or what her powers to perform, were she not so hedged in by conditions imposed by custom and society. And she is but one of thousands of women who are equally dissatisfied with their narrow, rapid and objectless life.

It is no evidence because women patiently, uncomplainingly—yea, even cheerfully—live year after year, or a life-time, confined exclusively to their dull round of domestic duties, that they are satisfied with their narrow sphere. The truth is, it is far otherwise, and you to whom their silence and good cheer bespeaks the highest contentment divine very far from the truth. I speak not only from experience, but from accurate knowledge of the real feeling and aspirations of a large class of women. It is not best for our own nor the happiness of others to complain of what for the time at least cannot be helped. Women who are wise and thoughtful have the good sense to understand this, and so refrain from useless complaint. I know very well that it will be said no woman's life need be objectless with a home to preside over; that with a husband and children to love and care for, she has sufficient to engage her time, thought, and attention. Yes! and I add, *more* than enough. Just here is found a stumbling block in the way of women's highest development. No one woman ought to be subjected to the intolerably petty toils, trials, and annoyances of domestic life in the isolated home. Men would rebel at once were they called upon to endure what women do with as little relief and recreation.

In fact, it is indispensable to an equal development of woman's powers with man's that there the radical changes in social and domestic arrangements throughout—changes that need not destroy the unity or integrity of the family, but that will prove productive of good to all men, women, and children—

changes that in the divine order of things are certainly to be effected sooner or later. Experiments and failures may succeed each other again and again before just, wise and equitable relations and regulations are established.

This, of course, is to be expected, and furnishes no cause to dishearten the least sanguine and hopeful among the world's philanthropic laborers.

THE SARTORIAL QUALIFICATION FOR SUFFRAGE.

BY LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE.

In the conflict of the discussion on suffrage, the gravest aspect of the question is too often forgotten, and at this moment few people in this country do justice to the profound wisdom displayed by our law-givers in declaring that the all-important requisite for an election is a certain article of dress! This may seem a somewhat startling statement, but it is nevertheless true that at this moment, in this enlightened Republic, the one grand qualification which entitles a human being to a voice in the government, the right of choosing rulers, and all that gives civil liberty, is what may be delicately phrased as SARTORIAL BIFURCATION.

There was a time when it was not so. At a remote period of our history property was held as the necessary basis upon which to place representation, and no man not possessing a certain stake in the wealth of the country had any voice in its government. At a later time education was deemed in many places important, and it was held that no one not able to read and write ought to control, even ever so remotely, the destinies of the nation. Again the idea was supported by a powerful party, that no person not native born should be empowered to vote in a country of whose necessities he could "know nothing," and lastly, for a long time, certain statesmen clung to the view that enlightenment was all important among citizens, and that degraded colored folk should have no right to the ballot.

One by one, all these prejudices have given way before the enlightened progress of modern thought, and the legislators of to-day have discovered at last the one, true, important and indispensable requisite for suffrage—GARMENTS!

They have said, "we must draw the line somewhere;" we cannot allow *quite* everybody to vote; we will let poor people vote, and ignorant people—"the halt, the lame, the blind, and impotent folk;" but there is one thing we must insist upon, they must wear masculine habiliments.

We have discovered now the sensible rule for regulating this matter when a person approaches the polls we will ask no more—Are you moral? Are you intelligent? Are you capable of defending your country in battle? We will simply look at him, and so he wear a certain garb we will admit him to the privilege he claims. The upper form may be clothed in woolen shirt, in short cloak, in fancy sack, or in well-fitting coat, we care not which, but upon one thing we insist, the attire of the lower form must be *bifurcated*.

Solved at last is the problem that has so long tormented the world. What restriction shall there be on suffrage? The answer comes endorsed by a nation's verdict. The true restriction is sartorial. The tailor makes the voter, and thus stands the law.

No person wearing skirts shall be entitled to vote, no matter of what sex they are, how wealthy they may be, how moral, or how intelligent. But all persons wearing the usual masculine nether garments may vote, no matter which sex they belong, and howsoever poor, ignorant, and degraded.

Behold the grand motto of the party of to-day, which says proudly, "Our voters all wear trowsers!"

Great are the discoveries of modern thought; wonderful is the enlightenment of this latter part of the nineteenth century; we acknowledge with amazement its wisdom, and preach with enthusiasm under this new banner which waves its divided length majestically on the air.

MARRIAGE OF FOREIGNERS.

BY MRS. EMILY E. FORD.

We must criticise a certain enthusiasm which we sometimes see in our circles of wealth and fashion for foreign intermarriage. If two people really love each other, the nationality seems and is of little account. But it is not wise for an unoccupied and uninterested heart to choose of will, and preference a foreigner.

In so close an union as marriage, it is really important to find as many points of kindred experience and sympathy as possible. The infelicity of simple misunderstanding is bitter when one must constantly taste the draught and temper so often comes to make it fiery poison. There must be friction in the best of circumstances, but it need not be severe, nor unwholesome. It seems wise and best that training, habits and education should at least proceed from the same sources. Differences in character often weld people together, where differences in taste, training and habit often drag them apart. When, in addition to these, which one must of necessity find in foreigners, an American woman discovers a separate law of life for her husband and herself; when she is dethroned from the pedestal on which her nation places her; when she finds her sex half doubted, half flouted, half slaves, half toys, and realizes that she has been sold, that God's benificence to her of beauty and wealth has bought her husband—a woman's perceptions show her much—we must prophecy unhappiness.

We firmly believe the foreign notion of woman to be low. Beginning with Turkey and coming westward, every step exalts woman's position. To our free maidens the judgments of foreigners are of little comparative interest, and they seem unaware of the vital difference in the Continental and American idea. What is of no account or consequence in a drawing-room acquaintance becomes of momentous importance in a husband. The parlor manners of foreigners are often charming, their culture is far more thorough and elegant than our men achieve, but in rare instances. Unfortunately, high-bred politeness and suave manners to women do not represent the real sentiments of the soul.

The American man respects woman. Whether her position in the early settlement of the country, when she cheerfully took half the work and more than half the privations of new life; whether her bravery and self-denial in the early wars and struggles impressed themselves on the memory and imagination, or whether the Puritan element gave larger equality to women, we cannot say why, but the fact is plain. Good men here trust as well as love their wives. Indeed, as a class, the higher ranks grant them unlimited indulgence, especially in the use of money. No good woman would abuse any trust, most of all would she feel steward to the generosity and wealth of her husband, whether it was of money or the fine gold of love and confidence.

CANVASSING FOR "EMINENT WOMEN."

BY LEWISE.

As "distance lends enchantment to the view," so it sometimes whispers of discouragement to an over-sensitive and anxious mind. As yet any but very kind treatment from woman was purely imaginary. My book recommends to them, not only itself but myself; and I rather like my free, out-of-door life.

I get a good appetite, and come back to my meals tired, but with my contracted chest expanded by the abundance of fresh air, and do not have to sit down with an aching back. To be sure, one pleasant-looking man—a *professed* women's rights man, and an assessor, remarked "that he supposed the occupation was better than to beg." If I had been as polite as himself, I should have asked him if he thought the same of his own—living upon the gift of office, and paid from the taxes of widows and single women.

Another, who did not wish the book, except for the "pretty faces," when I recommended it still further to his notice as possibly interesting to his wife, inquired why I did not confine my solicitations to the ladies, and not call upon men at their places of business. I replied, that I found very few who were willing to subscribe without their husbands' permission; and that concession mollified him.

Occasionally some masculine seems startled by such an array of names as "Lucretia Mott," "Mrs. Stanton," and "Anna Dickinson," and has evidently not yet "that perfect love which casteth out fear."

Universal, however, is the plea of "hard times," "new buildings to pay for," "so many other things needed," "more books and papers than they have time to read;" and no wonder. Poor pale-faced, careworn woman, you can tell me nothing of the endless, unrequited toil of housekeeping!

The house, or householder, or whoever it is, should keep the soul and body of the chief woman within, especially the mother, in good condition; but few are there that do.

Having found one or two farmers' wives who "expect" to have the butter money, I hope to find, in a wealthier community, some few who, from all their hard labor, and from butter, cheese and chickens, can command the enormous sum of "three dollars and fifty cents."

The Queen of Prussia announces that she will take personal charge of the wounded of both nations, and that their treatment shall be identical.

Foreign Correspondence.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

BY EMILY FAITHFULL.

KESHUB CHUNDER SEN'S SPEECH ON THE WOMAN QUESTION.

VICTORIA PRESS, Aug. 8, 1870.

The last meeting of the Victoria Discussion Society for the present session has been held; and as it acquired special interest, from the fact that a Hindoo gentleman presided over it as chairman, I have delayed writing until I could forward the short-hand writer's report, as I think you may care on this occasion to give some account of our proceedings in your columns.

Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen took the chair at eight o'clock, and in spite of the absence of many members who have already left this hot and dusty city for the pleasant country lanes or the invigorating sea-side, the Architectural Gallery was fairly filled, and Miss Wallington read her paper entitled "Women as they are supposed to be, and women as they are."

I had the pleasure of calling up Mr. Sen for an account he had promised to give us respecting the condition of women in India. I take it for granted that your readers are aware of his efforts to promote the best interests of his own country. He has commenced a vigorous crusade against Hindooism, dealt some heavy blows at the repugnant marriage customs still prevalent in his nation, and fearlessly declared against that bulwark of Hindoo idolatry—the system of caste. Nor has he neglected to state that, until his countrymen and countrywomen walk hand in hand in the paths of intellectual and moral advancement, no sure basis will be obtained for national prosperity and greatness.

Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen, after a very warm reception, then said:

It may appear somewhat singular that a Hindoo should preside on the present occasion. It has been said that my countrymen altogether deny the rights and privileges of women. Now I do not think that such statements are true, although I believe there are certain facts connected with the present state of Hindoo society which may justify some measure of reproach of this kind. India to-day is not what she was in ancient times; and if we see anything in India which is sad, painful, or discouraging, we must not rush to the conclusion that Indian society is altogether depraved. Time was when men and women freely mixed with each other in society in India, when celebrated ladies solved mathematical problems, and evinced the deepest interest in mathematics and science generally; when Hindoo ladies entered into interesting conversations with their husbands on religious and moral questions, and when not only men chose for themselves, but even ladies came forward and selected husbands for themselves. [Laughter.] But those days are gone. However, it is quite clear that in ancient times in India women sometimes enjoyed an amount of liberty which would not be considered quite warrantable in civilized England at the present moment. Hindoo society is now in a sad condition, owing to idolatry and caste and a number of most demoralizing and mischievous social customs and institutions. The people, both men and women, have fallen in a low state, so much so that it is impossible to recognize in the modern Indian the noble soul of the ancient Hindoo. What do we see in India at the present moment? Some men having more than seventy wives. There is a beautiful popular drama in Bengal, in which one of those husbands of seventy wives is represented as passing through the streets one day, and meeting a boy, who approached him and addressed him as father. The man confounded and somewhat indignant denies his fatherhood, but the boy perseveres in his statement. At last it strikes this learned man that it may, after all, be true, and he instantly refers to a bundle of papers which he always carries about with him, and goes through the long list of his wives, until he finds out that the statement made by the boy turns out to be true.

There is another injurious custom, which makes an old man of eighty marry a little girl of five years of age. This is shocking and pernicious in the extreme, but such things are common in Bengal and in other parts of the country.

There is another custom which prevents a widow from remarrying. Once a widow, the Hindoo woman is not only to remain so, but has to pass through endless mortifications and penances of the most painful character. Her condition is really pitiable, and excites the commisseration of every feeling heart. Thus the marriage customs which prevail in India are injurious in a variety of ways. An immediate reform and purification are, therefore, required. Widows must be allowed to remarry, and to have the privileges which are accorded to them in other countries. They must not be made to submit, by force and pressure, to a state of things which they do not themselves like, but which, for the sake of attaining a false heaven, they so often submit to. The custom of early marriages ought to be abolished, and men and women should be permitted to marry only when they are of marriageable age. Bigamy and polygamy should be suppressed, if possible, by agitative enactment. But there are other things that can only be put down by the operation of personal influence, by the publication of books, pointing out the evils which must result from objectionable customs. The root of the mischief is the want of enlightenment. If Hindoo ladies received a proper amount of enlightenment they would themselves raise a voice powerful enough to suppress those great evils. The victims not only suffer, but they suffer oftentimes with great patience and forbearance, and with willing hearts. When a widow is doomed not to remarry, she thinks it is the will of heaven that she must be assigned to perpetual widowhood. When women do not receive the blessings of true enlightenment, they think they ought not to aspire to enjoy the blessings, because they are taught it is Heaven's wish that they should remain in the midst of the darkness of ignorance. It is necessary, therefore, to raise up the spirit of Hindoo women, and stimulate their curiosity, and excite their taste for nobler and higher things. When we succeed in dispelling the gloom of ignorance which now broods over the length and breadth of the country, when we succeed in uprooting all these prejudices and superstitious notions which keep the women of India in a state of moral, spiritual, social and intellectual subjection, we shall succeed, indirectly though it may be, in opening ten thousand flood-gates where the stream of truth will flow, diffusing, as they proceed, the blessings of purity and peace. If it be said that what we see in India at the present moment is the normal state of things, and that the Hindoo ladies submit to ignorance because they have always been told by their own Scriptures to do so, I can only say there are passages in those Scriptures which inculcate other principles. It is there said that the husband should always try to please his wife, "with wealth, dress, love, respect, and sweet words." The Hindoo husband, you see, is enjoined, not only to love, but to respect his wife, and love and respect are the proper feelings which men everywhere should cherish towards women.

It had been said that Hindoo legislators in ancient times did not show any anxiety for the education of girls. Now it is written in the Hindoo Scriptures that parents should train up not only their boys, but also their girls, with great care. I have only to quote another passage, in order to refute the charge which has oftentimes been made against the Hindoo nation. It has been said that early marriage has been inculcated in the Hindoo Scriptures. Here is a passage that will show the inaccuracy of that statement: "So long as the girl does not know how to respect the husband, so long as she is not acquainted with true moral discipline, so long the father should not think of getting her married." These passages clearly and distinctly show that Hindoo society, as it at present exists in India, is not what it ought to be according to the religious books of the nation. There can be no doubt that the country has fallen from the high position which it occupied centuries ago. It is not true that absolute and severe seclusion of the female sex prevails in all parts of India. We see it to a lamentable extent in Bengal, but in the Punjaub, and Bombay, and, to some extent, in Madras, the women enjoy a large amount of liberty. Though there are some very sad things connected with the condition of female society in India, I am bound to say that with all its degradation there are some good things to be found even in the relics of a past fabric of society. There are arts and sciences, which prove that that society have been truly great and noble. As regards devotion to her husband, I do not think the Hindoo lady yields to any nation on earth, and in regard to modesty, gentleness, serenity of temper and absolute devotion to the interests of her husband, even at the present moment in India those characteristics are still preserved. In conducting our reform of Indian female character, it is necessary, then, that we should gather together, and not overlook these good materials. With all my respect and admiration for civilization, as it prevails in England, I have always been foremost in protesting against the demoralization of India by importing English customs into it. [Cheers.] Though I can respect learned, intelligent, philanthropic and generous-hearted ladies in England, I could not for one moment persuade myself to believe that for the interests of India I ought to introduce their customs and institutions. The growth of society must be indigenous—native—and natural. [Hear, hear.] Foreign customs must not be forced upon us. Our women have elements of character which are really noble and good, and these ought to constitute the basis upon which we should spread a superstructure of reformed female Indian society. [Cheers.] It has been said that women in England should not have what are called women's rights, and this evening I have had the opportunity of listening to the arguments on both sides. I feel puzzled, and, perhaps, like Sir Richard de Coverley, I may say much might be said on behalf of either party. We should not certainly keep up that unpleasant agitation which many people seem to delight in. We should express our feelings without bitterness or animosity. If women think it is their duty to do certain things, why should men seek to prevent them? [Cheers.] Men do not like men to interfere with their freedom of action, and why should women allow men to interfere with theirs? As to the question whether men are morally superior to women, or women morally superior to men, I say still much may be said on both sides. Let us settle the matter by admitting that men are superior in some respects, and women superior in others. [Laughter.] That I think would be an amicable settlement of the whole matter. In all that is manly and vigorous men excel, and must continue to excel, but in all that is soft, and tender, and gentle, women must continue to surpass men. It is the combination of the elements that constitute true manhood. It is in the union of these qualities that true moral excellence is to be found. [Applause.] I would proscribe and denounce class legislation and class agitation. Why should we need an exclusive movement to be got up for the purpose of obtaining women's rights, so called? If women are fit, they must have their rights and privileges. I do not see why they should be excluded from positions which they are entitled to, and which they are fitted to occupy. If they are not fit, they ought not to occupy them; but if they are fit, then let their fitness be held up and vindicated and declared throughout the length and breadth of the land. It has been said that in theory sometimes man is a noun and woman simply an adjective that agrees with the noun. I believe, however, the case is otherwise. In practice man is a noun, and a noun of the masculine gender; and he is also a noun in the objective case governed by the verb woman. [Laughter.] Practically, women govern men all over the world. You or I may not admit it openly, and some of you may make vehement protestations to the contrary; but what is the actual state of things? In India ninety-nine husbands out of every hundred are practically governed by their wives. Is not that the case in England, too, and in all civilized and refined countries? From early infancy to mature age, the influence of mother, sister, or wife, and female society generally has always continued to be felt and prized. By their gentle, soft sweet tempers women exercise an irresistible influence over men. If, then, we must be governed by women, are we to govern absolutely in all matters? No. In those things where man excels woman let man's voice be heard; where woman excels man let her voice be heard. The true prosperity of society depends on the harmony of the sexes. It is necessary, therefore, whether we look to India or to England that we should always try to bring the two together, and allow them to consult each other's interest, so that in the end we may have the valuable suggestions and the active philanthropic labors of both. I wish to say a few words more about India before I resume my seat. I am glad you have given me the opportunity of addressing you, for this is a ladies' society. I want your help. I have addressed meetings of men in various parts of the country, and have besought them as humbly as I could possibly do to help India. I have now the honor to make an urgent yet humble appeal to you Englishwomen—I may say, English sisters. I sincerely and earnestly call upon you to do all in your power to effect the elevation of the Hindoo women, and I dare say

many of you have read in books what way Hindoo women may be helped by you. The best way to which that help can be given is for some of you to embark on the grand and noble enterprise of going over personally to that great country, and looking after the state of things there. A noble-minded and kind-hearted lady went to India a few years ago, in order to promote the work of female education. Miss Carpenter's name is familiar to you all. Why should some of you not follow her praiseworthy example? I say this, because the work that requires your aid and co-operation is urgent. At the present moment a thousand Hindoo houses are open to rec ive and welcome English governesses—well trained, accomplished English ladies, capable of doing good to their Indian sisters, both by instruction and personal example. And what sort of education do we expect and wish from you? An unsectarian, liberal, sound, useful education. [Cheers.] An education that will not patronize any particular church, that will not be subservient or subordinated to the views of any particular religious community—an education free, and liberal, and comprehensive in its character—an education calculated to make Indian women good wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters. Such an education we want for our ladies; and are there no feeling hearts in England capable of responding to this exhortation and invitation? I speak to you, not for one, not for fifty, but for millions of Indian sisters, whose lamentations and wails penetrate the skies, and seem to come over to England, at the present moment, to stir up the hearts of the English sisters. Shall we hear those cries and lamentations with hearts of steel? Shall we not weep over this scene of spiritual and intellectual desolation that spread far and wide over that once glorious country? Will you not come forward and say—"we will part with our substance if we cannot go over personally, but we who can go over personally shall go, for our Heavenly Father calls upon us to undertake this noble mission." Noble mission decidedly it is, to go across the oceans, and scale hills and mountains, to surmount difficulties and to risk health, in order to wipe the tears from the eyes of weeping Indian sisters, to rescue them from widowhood, from the evil customs of premature marriage, and to induce them to feel there is something higher and nobler for them to aspire to.

My business this evening is to tell you, that in her distress India bids you come over and help her. Governments are trying to do what improved legislation can to crush and exterminate the bad customs. Philanthropic men have gone there to promote a liberal education amongst the males; and now if Englishwomen are ready to vindicate what are called women's rights in England, if they have to make platform speeches, let them show that their views and sympathies are not confined within the limits of this small island. This is a Society where I am especially entitled to bring forward this appeal, and as I am anxious to leave this country very soon, I think I have done my duty. I trust, however, I have not spoken to the walls of this Society, but to the generous hearts of men and women, who will combine to do what they can to help forward their Indian sisters. Religiously we are doing a great work, by giving a better and purer religion to the people. Many of our ladies are giving up idolatrous superstitions. In many Hindoo houses the idols have been beaten to the ground, and the ten thousand gods and goddesses of the Hindoo Pantheon are no longer treated with respect. This is cheering, and encourages to hope, that though India to-day is a fallen nation, higher and higher will it ascend, until she arrives at that high position which has been destined for her. When you have given us the help for which I ask, England will have done her duty towards India, and the people of both lands will assist each other in pressing forward to the goal which we all desire to have in view. [Cheers.]

Mrs. Johnston Robertson, in moving a vote of thanks to the chairman, remarked: The Hindoo is so excluded from all society in her own land that to carry out Mr. Sen's suggestions it seemed an almost impossible task. As regards what he said about Englishwomen going out to India, there is so much wealth in that country that I think a little of it might be sent over here to induce governesses to go out and teach in the harems, where women sit idle all day long, smoking their hookah and talking trifles; but that if we could band ourselves together as women, Englishwomen on the one side and Hindoos on the other, and if the latter will admit us into the harems as teachers, the work of reformation would be easy. We had one Indian Queen over here once, and she brought 110 people over with her, but she was never seen by European eyes. This is a great mistake, for Indian women can know very little of what is going on in the world around them while their husbands compel them to sit screened in the house. Women are never admitted into society in India where strange men are. They should be brought more into the society of British ladies, and partake of their education, and learn their ways. With those concessions, I am sure we would take the matter up, and give them some valuable assistance. We have plenty of persons, and to spare, qualified to give educational assistance if the field was open for governesses.

The Chairman, in response to the vote of thanks, said: It is not true that the Hindoos do not welcome European governesses. There is already a society for the promotion of female education in the East, and that society sends out every year a goodly number of trained and accomplished female teachers, who go to India to promote the work of what is called Zenana female education—that is to say, they go and instruct Indian ladies in their own houses. But they have also set up public schools in many villages even where Hindoo orthodoxy remains. More than sixty or seventy young girls assemble publicly every day in order to receive the blessings of an English and vernacular education. These are cheering things that encourage us to feel that if English ladies would go over there from disinterested motives—not for the sake of pay—their services would be highly appreciated. [Cheers.]

Before the meeting separated a kind vote of thanks was proposed by Miss Wallington, and seconded by Mr. Walford, M. D., to me for "founding and conducting a Discussion Society, which, in spite of many obstacles, has already secured a firm foundation, and been the means of doing immense good." I sincerely hope that this will prove the case, but the undertaking is full of difficulty. We do not wish to close the door to our opponents; on the contrary, we wish to hear and, as far as possible, to answer, and satisfy all opposition; but the speakers who range themselves on that side show a peculiar tendency to enter upon topics we do not wish to discuss in a mixed audience, or to indulge in personalities which refined men and women generally abstain from, to say nothing of a "shortness of temper," which perhaps is a general accompaniment of a failing cause. There are many other anxieties; for sometimes one has to cry "save me from my friends," and this is the worst difficulty of all. In an open discussion every one has a right to be heard, and I fear, as a rule, it is not those who *think* the most who *speak* the first. If we exclude the press, (as Mrs. Peter Taylor unfortunately did at the Hanover Square Suffrage Meeting,) we are supposed to "betray weakness," "assail the liberty of the press," and furnish "revised reports" of our own speeches. If we admit the press, of course it is scarcely possible to expect a gentleman to resist the opportunity of reporting in full the crude and startling observation of some rash lady who, on the spur of a moment, ventures to answer a "fool according to his folly." I was much tempted to do so myself the other night, and only refrained from answering an opponent in his own strain, because I felt that taken by itself it might give the enemy an opportunity to blaspheme. But it was really difficult to listen for ten minutes to a solemn argument, that this movement was a useless one because it was conducted by single women, the married women who belonged to it being scarcely as numerous as the fingers on the speaker's hands, and married women were the "picked of their species." Without repeating an answer, I heard a single woman give a friend who was lamenting over the fate of a mutual acquaintance, and wondering *why* one who was so charming and clever should not have secured a husband. "I will tell you what it is Lady A," replied the friend, "you married women take the men—we single women refuse!!!" Now I am far from endorsing *this* sentiment, but it is quite as weighty as Mr. Cooke's, the speaker I refer to; and with regard to the number of married women who have joined this movement in England, all I can say is that if he can count them upon his fingers, his hands must bear a singular resemblance to the feet of a centiped. I should soon exhaust your space if I attempted to name them in this letter, for they range from the humblest ranks to the highest, including one of England's bravest, noblest daughters, Victoria, Crown Princess of Prussia.

We had a very interesting concert last week in the Hanover Square Rooms, at which Mrs. Gladstone gave the medals and prizes to the students of the Royal Academy. The silver medals were given to five students, three of them women. The music was conducted by John Hullah, who has brought out an excellent little volume upon that much-neglected accomplishment, the art of reading and speaking. It comes with much interest to me, for I have been working in this direction for some little time, and have a class of ladies every Tuesday afternoon for instruction in elocution as well as private pupils. Ladies are not allowed votes, but I find members of Parliament have no objection to come to me for a little practical advice about public speaking! But I must not tell tales out of school!

Talking of literary work, reminds me of the good news that a new novel may shortly be expected from George Eliot's pen, and a second poem of similar length to the one she recently published in *Macmillan's Magazine.* This is a writer of whom indeed we must be proud, as one who has tackled the most profound regions of human thought, unraveled the intricacies of crime, self-deceit, and passion, and placed herself in the foremost rank of the writers of fiction by the wonderful boldness of her abstract imagination.

I hear that Miss Helen Taylor is editing the posthumous works of Buckle, and Mr. John Stuart Mill is preparing a new edition of his Logic.

Madame Clara Schumann has been elected an honorary fellow of the Royal Academy of Music at Stockholm.

A very interesting book has just been published here, edited by Lady Herbert, "The Life of Madame de Beaubarnais de Miramion," a heroine and beauty, acquainted with all the remarkable people in Paris, who dedicated her whole life from her 20th year, to labors of charity and consecrated her immense fortune to the service of the poor, endeavoring to create the means by which people could best help themselves, and thus be permanently rescued from vice and misery. She was the first in Paris to deal with the poor, miserable women who are most to be pitied, and the last to enlist sympathy.

Obtaining the magistrate's permission to try what she could do for this sinning and much sinned against and unruly class, she took a large house, and gave herself up to the redemption of those she could reach. Some she was enabled to raise to a better life, and she gave them the means of settling honorably, others she found incorrigible, but at last her establishment grew and prospered so that she appealed to the King and private charity to enlarge her undertaking. Land was bought and a Reformatory erected, to which women might come voluntarily when they wished to escape from evil causes. Madame de Miramion's good works are too numerous to men-

tion, there was not only her dispensary for the poor, but her "Parish workroom," into which she gathered all the idle young girls who had not yet fallen into vice. Here she taught them to sew and to do household work, giving them every day a dinner, and taking in the poorest altogether, and the tears shed at her death and her well earned title of "Mother of the Poor," is her best epitaph.

While speaking of Madame de Miramion's efforts for the rescue of her fallen countrywomen, I must not omit to tell you in my character of chronicler of English work, that the exertions of Mrs. Bulter and her fellow-laborers are meeting with considerable success. The sympathies of Mrs. King, (the widow of an officer who was killed in New Zealand), have been secured, and she has lately devoted herself to the terrible task of redeeming as far as may be physically and mentally, the miserable women of one of our most corrupt sea-port towns. A midnight meeting was held last Friday, and a Quaker lady made a most powerful address to the poor girls gathered together from the lowest parts of the town, and several expressed their anxiety to be restored to their friends, and others are to be placed in Homes organized for the purpose of enabling them "to cease to do evil." Whatever opinion may be entertained respecting the special legislation the Association organized by these ladies seeks to resist, there can be no doubt that the "seeking and saving" those that are lost, is a walk of mercy God himself has promised to bless.

LETTER FROM ENGLAND.

BY REBECCA MOORE.

MANCHESTER, ENG., Aug. 6, 1870.

WOMEN'S WORK FOR THE WAR.

With the remembrance of our own war fresh in your minds, you can well realize the work which awaits the humane in Europe now. We can hardly hope that the wonderful work performed by your Sanitary Commission will be re-enacted without a similar centralization of resources, but efforts are being made in every direction. The Knights Hospitallers of St. John, wearing their blue and green tunics with the black cross, have arrived in Rhenish Bavaria, to take care of the wounded. It is said that a number of persons of noble birth in France, both male and female, have offered their services to the government as nurses. Associations in aid of the sick and wounded, both English and German, meet regularly in London, Manchester, and other large towns, and committees of ladies have been formed to receive subscriptions and contributions of all kinds, and to carry out the plans in furtherance of their object. At a meeting of the National Society in aid of the sick and wounded, held at Willis' Rooms in London this week, a letter from Miss Nightingale was read, in which she strongly advocated the cause. She said that she herself had received an application to go out and superintend the nursing of the sick and wounded, and she thought many nurses would be wanted in the hospitals during the present war. She added that had she not been laid on a bed of sickness, she would have gone where the greatest necessity existed to aid in this work. A ladies' committee was formed on the motion of Lord Eliot, who stated that Princess Christian had promised to do every thing in her power to aid the association.

In Prussia similar societies are in vigorous operation. The work of preparing bandages, lint, etc., is going on in almost every family. The royal ladies lead the way in this most needful work. Queen Augusta, as President of the Patriotic Society of Ladies, has long since issued a proclamation requiring every German woman "to do her duty," and recommending that more branch societies should be formed. There are over three hundred in existence already. The Crown Princess (Princess Royal of England) has just issued a similar summons. The association hardly needed this invitation; they have, like many similar institutions, all been up and doing at the charitable work, as the subscription list proves, with good results. The sad experience of 1866 makes it evident that a complete organization for the proper distribution of gifts, and for the nursing department, will be most valuable.

One of the special correspondents, writing from Cologne, relates:

"In my perambulations through the town, on the way to the commandant's office, I encountered a group of pretty little girls, say from eight to twelve years old. They could not help attracting my attention, because every one of them carried a neat little knapsack on her back. 'What,' I thought, 'every thing mobilized! A little juvenile female army!' In one sense they were. They answered my questions very modestly. 'They went to school,' they said, 'from seven to eleven in the morning,' and with all gravity added: 'Now, in the afternoon, we are very busy in making lint and bandages ready for our brothers.' I ascertained afterwards that by order of the Director-General for schools, all female schools in Prussia are now thus occupied some hours every day. In the German struggle for independence against Napoleon I., in 1813-15, several women took up arms in defence of their fatherland. At Stettin, the other day, a tall and strong peasant girl, well dressed, and with full purpose of heart, applied at the barracks with the intention of enlisting as a volunteer. She was five feet six inches in height, and was resolved to fight for her country. She was dissuaded, not without difficulty, and spoke of offering herself to some other corps, still hoping to be accepted. Two other girls at Hamburg enthusiastically offered their services in the defence of their country. The harvest work, now ripe for the sickle, is sadly neglected in the rich Rhine land, and indeed throughout Prussia. 'A Healthy Girl' writes to one of the German newspapers, urging girls and women in the towns, whose health permits it, and who have nothing else to do, to form bands for gathering in the harvest."

AN APPEAL FROM VICTOR HUGO.

Victor Hugo, from his place of exile in Guernsey, has addressed to the women of that island a characteristic appeal, of which we subjoin a translation:

TO THE WOMEN OF GUERNSEY.

Ladies—It has pleased certain men to condemn to death a portion of the human race, and a desperate war is in preparation. This war is neither a war for liberty nor a war of duty; it is a war of caprice. Two nations are about to slay each other for the pleasure of two princes. While thoughtful men are perfectioning civilization, kings are perfectioning war. This war will be frightful.

Master-works are announced. A rifle will kill a dozen men; a cannon will slaughter a thousand! It is no longer the water of the great Alps, bright and pure, which is about to flow adown the Rhine; it will be the blood of mankind. Ladies, mothers, sisters, daughters, wives are about to wail. All of you will be in mourning—some for their own misfortunes, some for the misfortunes of others.

Ladies, what carnage! How shocking for the unfortunate combatants! Permit me to address to yourselves a request.

Since those blinded ones forget that they are brothers, be to them sisters. Come forward to their help. Make lint. What here is worthless may yonder save the lives of wounded men. All the women of this isle employed in this fraternal work will afford a beautiful sight—that will be a grand example, and a grand benefit. Men commit evil; you, women, provide the remedy; and since upon this earth there are evil spirits, be ye angels for good.

If you will do so—and you will—a large quantity of lint can in a short time be provided. We will divide the same in two equal portions, and will send one portion to France, the other to Prussia.

At your feet I lay my respects. VICTOR HUGO.

Letters from Friends.

JEALOUSY.

CHICAGO, ILL.

Dear Revolution: I see that you have been taken to task for asserting that "men are not naturally unjust." If this be offensive, let us suggest that men, (*or males*) are naturally jealous, and that faults which arise from this passion are usually exercised "all for love," and that the tyranny which sometimes grows out of this state of things may be very agreeable as well as very disagreeable. We might cite a familiar instance, but we forbear. Perhaps we are to conclude that men's hearts are all right often when their heads are all wrong, and that explains the assertion that "men are not naturally unjust."

HARRIET S. BROOKS.

A DEFENSE OF LITERARY WOMEN.

Noticing in THE REVOLUTION of June 16th, an article speaking of the opinions of people concerning the incapacities of a "literary woman" in the art of culinary and orderly housekeeping, we here put in, in her defense, an argument sufficient we think to satisfy the minds of all enlightened persons that this idea of incapacity is a great mistake.

In the first place, a literary woman to be a literary woman, must possess a large amount of the organ of ideality; and patients or subjects (using phrenological terms) of this character, have refined tastes and habits, everything must blend nicely together; everything be in order, and in the edible line; here also, everything must look as well as taste, fine and nice, so you see, from a phrenological point of view, (the truth of which we hope is not denied by any well informed person at this enlightened period), you might just as well look for a thorough-going industrious man in a slothful one, as to expect a literary woman to be an untidy, disorderly housekeeper; there is just as much probability of finding the one as the other.

Now, dear reader, when you again go to put forth such an opinion, just refrain one moment and think, that ideality and untidiness cannot belong together; you may asert this with perfect assurance. H. S. C.

We clip the following paragraph from an exchange:

Ohio pays its school-teachers much more liberally than our State, and—what is only proper—does not allow the question of sex to determine the salary. Dayton pays one of its school-teachers seventeen hundred dollars per year. Akron, Ohio, pays the lady principal of the High School a larger salary—two thousand dollars; and at Cuyahoga Falls the lady superintendent of the Union Schools gets a salary of eighteen hundred dollars. We commend these figures to our members of Councils and to the Board of School Controllers.

A voice comes from Washington Territory saying, "Send us wives!" And a thousand unhappy Benedicts respond, "Take ours!"

THE DECADE MEETING.

BY PAULINA W. DAVIS.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

Will you permit me through your columns to address a few words to the friends of Woman's Suffrage in relation to the decade meeting in contemplation. This meeting has been announced now one year, so that every one can have had time to think of it, to plan for it, and to come to it with their best thoughts all arranged. Its importance to the cause cannot be over estimated. It will not be called in the interests of any party, but irrespective of sex, class or section, solely for the objects specified call.

As we cannot have all the names which were attached to our first call, for many have passed away and others are inaccessible, we shall only give a few of those who were first to respond to the idea twenty years ago, and who are now ready for this work.

That convention was spontaneous and genuine in feeling and harmonious in action.

We wish this to be the same. At that time we did not offer to pay speakers large or small sums. In all our early conventions each one came and did his or her utmost for the cause, glad to lay the offering on the altar over which shone the star of hope. Many a woman practiced for months the most rigid economy that she might come to that meeting; and then and there, for the first time, she ventured to tell how the hard laws had borne upon her; how she had suffered under the despotism of repression, how her soul had been starved and her life blighted by the bondage in which she lived; speaking out of the heart, she reached other hearts, and thrilled them with her woes.

Read the reports of those first conventions, and you will find that no nobler utterances have since been made.

That able address of Mrs. Abby H. Price, written under the most trying circumstances, well deserves to be reprinted in tract form, and money could not now be better expended than by placing a copy of it in the hands of every one who will read. Who is there now who feels enough to write as *she did* then, through the live-long night with a wailing baby rolling its restless head on the left arm till the skin was literally rubbed off, writing on through the grey dawn of morning, then getting the breakfast for the rest of the children, and taking the darling in her arms, only resigning it to a friend while she gave her address, then quietly leaving without applause, save the moist eyes and the breathless silence, with no expectations of reward but that of a pure conscience.

Mrs. Stanton's letter also covered the entire argument in favor of suffrage. It has never since been put with any more force, more elaborately it has been, again and again, but quite as often weakened as strengthened by words.

Women whose pens were their resource wrote able letters when they could not come, feeling that their gifts were doubly sacred if consecrated on this altar. Giving, as all did, freely of their time and talents, we were able to print their reports and thus preserve their able speeches and letters in a permanent form for history.

It will be important to do the same by the impending meeting, that the progress may be marked when those who, for the first time, now meet the early workers, are called upon to hold the third decade, and fill the places which will then be vacated by those whose work will then be finished.

Another point remains to be considered, wherever the meeting is held, it is most desirable that there should be due hospitality extended to those who may have traveled long distances. Friends, if my voice could reach you in your distant homes, it would say let the same spirit of self-sacrifice induce you to come to this meeting which brought you to the first. Let all come, feeling that the cause is first and greater than self, or any minor consideration; come in this spirit, and we shall see the good results in the harmony which will prevail and in the new impulse which will be given to the work in hand. Let us come, one and all, setting self entirely aside, holding only one thought prominent—our great work.

Mrs. Ada H. Kepley, wife of H. B. Kepley, Esq., a lawyer of Effingham, Ill., has been through a regular course of legal studies, and received a diploma from the University of Chicago, which declares that she "is learned in the law, and well qualified for admission to the bar." But when she applied for admission, her application was refused on the ground that a decision of the Supreme Court of that State excluded female practitioners. It really seems hard to shut a woman from the profession merely because she is a woman.

The example of the women of America in providing for the relief of the victims of our civil war is bearing rich fruit abroad. It is stated that the women of France are sending immense quantities of bedding and hospital furniture to the army, and there will be no lack of nurses or sanitary supplies when the contest shall actually commence. In Prussia the same noble spirit is exhibited among all classes, and whatever woman's sympathy and efforts can do to mitigate the horrors of war will be cheerfully and unshrinkingly done.

Out of a literary set, very few know the author of "Ouida" and "Puck." These highly-colored works of imagination are by a woman—a Miss La Ramee—a lady whose father was a French officer. She lives with her mother at one of the large hotels in London, and frequently gives parties there. She is neither young, nor is she favored by nature with the physical advantages which she lavishes on her heroines.

If consistency is a jewel, then a journal managed by a woman who will not allow herself to be called Mrs. Henry B. Blackwell, throws away its jewel when it speaks of a certain other lady as Mrs. Albert D. Richardson.

The Women's Co-operative Association of San Francisco, established in 1868, has, during the last two years, earned a net profit of thirty per cent. on the capital invested. Over two hundred workwomen have here found constant employment.

A young lady of Cambridge, Mass., for several years leading clerk in the Middlesex Registry of Deeds office, has opened an office in Boston for the purpose of carrying on the business of conveyance of real estate.

Gossip.

Chicago will open a women's medical college in the fall.

Two new women's journals have been started in Holland.

An Indiana woman is building a $50,000 hotel in New Albany.

Mrs. Lottie Hough will lecture next winter on "Three Months in Washington."

A lady in Kansas is carrying on an extensive blacksmithing and wagon-making business.

Miss Helen Taylor, step-daughter of John S. Mill, is said to be editing the posthumous works of Buckle.

The Dutch are in consternation over a decree of Holland opening the examination of apothecaries to women.

Two English ladies, Miss Stratton, and Miss Lewis Lloyd, have just made the perilous ascent of Monte Viso.

A foreign writer says that American girls are the only women in the world who are unequal to the task of entertaining more than one man at a time.

Jennie Collins has obtained money enough to justify her in hiring a hall in Boston for the use of working women for reading and social purposes.

Mrs. S. W. Wasson, of Springfield, has given $1,000 to the Murray Fund, the income of which is to educate men and women for the Universalist ministry.

It is said that Mrs. Morton, an English vocalist, has recovered thirty thousand dollars from a railroad company for damage done her voice by a railroad accident.

Mrs. Middy Morgan was one of the reporters at the Buffalo races. She is described by the *Courier* as an efficient, industrious and pains-taking newspaper writer.

Miss Edith O'Gorman was married on Thursday to Prof. William Aufray, a teacher of modern languages in the Brooklyn Eclectic College.

"She won't be a nun!"

The women juries of Wyoming are not popular, because their sense of justice is too strong, and all the rogues who pass under their jurisdiction are convicted if guilty.

Miss Smith, a colored lady, daughter of Rev. J. J. Smith, has just been confirmed a teacher in the Boston Grammar Schools. She is the first young lady of her complexion that has ever reached that post.

Mrs. Elizabeth Murray, the celebrated water-color painter, and wife of the British Consul at Portland, together with a number of artists in oil, is at North Conway this summer.

Two ladies, Mrs. Denio and Mrs. McKenna, have established themselves in the grocery business in Vallejo, Cal., and intend to carry it on upon the principle of no credit—without cash, no delivery.

Miss Glyn, (Mrs. E. S. Dalles,) the great English actress and reader, sails in the Russia for New York on the 27th inst. She will read in this country under the management of the Boston Lyceum Bureau.

Some Western women have formed an organization for the collection of facts regarding the branches of industry in which women are engaged, with reference to the increased field of women's labor.

A young man recently married in Beloit, Wisconsin, helped his wife, while courting, to sew together rags enough to make sixty yards of carpet.

That young man was certainly a "carpet knight," and his "lady-love" knew how to "keep the ball in motion."

The Charleston (Ill.) *Courier* says a young lady of that place has just celebrated her wooden wedding by marrying a blockhead.

A lady in this place intended to celebrate her "tin wedding" by marrying a miner, but found out that the major part of his wealth consisted in the riches of his affection as expressed in his letters to her; so she changed her mind, and had only a paper wedding.

Mrs. Susan A. King was one of the passengers in the China steamer which sailed from San Francisco on the 1st instant. Mrs. K. is a member of the business firm of women in New York engaged in the wholesale tea trade, with a capital of $1,000,000. She goes to China and Japan to complete arrangements for the importation of tea, and before sailing effected a credit with the Bank of California for her future business operations.

The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, Editor.
EDWIN A. STUDWELL Publisher.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 1, 1870.

REFORMS AND REFORMERS.

There is a vast amount of inertia in the cultured men of all times. Iconoclasts and reformers find no sympathy in the elegant and refined classes of their day. Rebellion against existing facts, and eager progress toward a new order of things, are apt to involve an element of vulgarity.

Cromwell and his Roundheads, Luther and his followers, Garabaldi and his motley army, John Brown and his small band of enthusiasts, did not spring from the ranks of the educated and refined.

Let Matthew Arnold chant the praises of culture as he will, the world has advanced, not through it, but in spite of it.

The philosophers and religious teachers who have most profoundly influenced the world, from Zoroaster, Socrates, Mahomet, Jesus Christ, even down to the Joe Smith of our day, have sprung from the lower ranks of society.

Herbert Spencer asserts that even in national progress the greatest advance has been made outside of, instead of in, the regular channels of so-called thorough education; and it is also claimed by reformers that the moral progress of the world has been made, not through, but in spite of, the church.

Does this prove that religious teaching and all culture are valueless? By no means.

But it is in the order of the mental and spiritual, no less than in that of the physical laws which govern this world, that the forces which upturn the old and prepare for the new condition of things, lie far below the surface, unrecognized, and hardly dreamed of until some sudden convulsion proves the might of these hidden powers.

And as in the physical, so in the spiritual world, the law holds good that conservatism is the strongest force, not only in matter, but in human nature.

No sooner is society uptorn by the volcanic might of some of the few master minds who revolutionize the world than it settles down again as speedily as possible into a dead level, and does its best to replace all things in their ancient position.

This is the explanation of that singular but indisputable fact that the reformers who have laid the axe at the root of their time, have no sooner passed away than their followers press their teachings into the service of conservatism; and the radicals of one age are thus transformed into the old fogies of the next generation.

No wonder the world advances slowly. No wonder its work lags. One may fancy the surprise of these ancient reformers could they see themselves in the new attitude in which their adherents have placed them. Imagine, for instance, the amazement of that staunch old radical Paul, at finding himself to-day in the ranks of the party opposed to human progress—not only pressed into the army of old fogies, but made a standard-bearer by them!

Let us at least do that heroic soul of his the justice to protest against any such perversion of his teachings as would place him in so false a position.

Since the world's history repeats itself, it is not strange that the reformers of our day receive the same meed as their fellows did in the past. The anti-slavery pioneers, the heroes of the hour, had their full share of contumely not very long since. And the best abused people of the present time are the leaders of the cause of woman's enfranchisement.

Their bad taste is one of their crying sins; it is so manifestly unwomanly to demand equality with man. They are informed by one set of theorizers that they are inferior to man, and therefore should be content with the position society has given them; they are informed by another class of thinkers that they are superior to man, and therefore should rejoice to remain on the pinacle to which God has exalted them, but equality is denied them by both these philosophic assumptions. Not only are their demands scouted as unfeminine and unnatural, but their dress, their manners, their speeches, their public meetings, their proceedings generally elicit the disapproval of the fastidious and decorous of both sexes. Their whole course is an offense against Mrs. Grundy, and she is not sparing of her censure. Not content with criticising their names, she inveighs against their morals. "They must be shamless women," she cries, "or they would not so unsex themselves." And when the proof is furnished that their lives are pure and blameless, and the fabricated charges fall to the ground, she still insists that "there must be something wrong about them."

To this vague accusation there can be no reply, and Mrs. Grundy is triumphant.

But as all this is nothing new in the experience of reformers, the women who suffer from slander and reproach must be strong enough to bear it, sustained by the thought that if one may judge the future by the past, time in its reverses may bring to them an admiration as disproportioned to their deserts as is the abuse of the present. But here an awful thought suggests itself: can it be possible that these reformers in the future are to have the fate of their brethren of the past, and be transformed into teachers of conservatism?

Are Mrs. Stanton, Miss Anthony and Lucy Stone to be quoted, like Paul and other ancient radicals, as opposed to innovations by succeeding generations? This would be too much! Let us hope that history does not invariably repeat itself, for they who even bear abuse would be paralyzed by the dread of such a fate.

DANTE ROSETTI'S POEMS.

It is (we trust) from no natural disposition on our part to carp and cavil at what all other people are praising, that we feel moved to express a somewhat qualified admiration of Dante Gabriel Rosetti's poems. True, they have a mythical, spiritual, and transcendental quality which makes them psychologically interesting—a quality in which they resemble, but do not equal, the weird writings of Edgar A. Poe. But we feel, in reading them, that their author lacks the gift of expression. He is both a painter and a writer; but in the art of the brush he is an expert; in the art of the pen, an amateur. "The Blessed Damozel" is, as a literary conception, beautiful, noble, and lofty; but this conception has not been successfully wrought out; one puzzles over the obscurity of the meaning, and is compelled to read the verses two or three times over in order to get at their heart. What seems "great" to such a man as William Morris must possess at least a more than common merit; and Morris very generously calls these poems great. But, for our part, we prefer the sweeter simplicity of the Elizabethan bards.

Much of our modern poetry runs to vagary; it dissolves into a mist; it hides itself in "the depths of consciousness." We are always suspicious of such profundity. If poems are written at all, they should be so written as to be understood. Shakespeare, the greatest of poets, is also the plainest; even children read him with intelligence and delight. Rosetti's poems are a foreign language; they can never be popular; but all truly great poems are popular; for "we needs must love the highest when we see it."

Rosetti is, nevertheless, the literary sensation of the hour; the critics, for once, are all united in a shout of salutation. This does not go for much with the great world and for all time. The important question is, will the poet of to-day abide the test of to-morrow? We suspect that the legend of fate, written on these poems, is, "the grass withereth, and the flower fadeth."

A RETIRING HERO.

In one of Hamlet's fierce rages he expresses surprise that a great man's name should live in memory sixty days after his death. We have had a similar surprise in noticing the apparent slight which *The Woman's Journal* puts upon the name of William Lloyd Garrison.

At the time that journal was founded, Mr. Garrison had just witnessed the completion of the great movement which made his name illustrious; and he was then considered of sufficient importance to be widely heralded as one of the editors of that sheet.

The anti-slavery movement and everything connected with it having since become a thing of the past, *The Woman's Journal* now permits Mr. Garrison to retire from its editorial corps without a solitary word of eulogistic reference—nay, without even a syllable of respectful mention. Such an ignoring of a great man by his office-associates is more than enough to prove that republics are ungrateful. Mr. Garrison's great place is to be supplied by a gentleman who may possibly prove himself to be a greater man. We allude to Mr. Henry B. Blackwell. But the future glory of Mr. Blackwell could not be in any wise diminished by a simple act of present justice done to Mr. Garrison. Let us, as far as possible, supply the deficiency by adding our own humble tribute to the great services which the Old Pioneer has rendered, not only to the negro, but to woman. Having lived to see the freedom of the one, may he live to see the freedom of the other.

We have very favorable accounts from the papers in places where she has spoken of the lectures of Mrs. Ida Frances Leggett, of North Elba, Essex county, N. Y. She will continue to speak during the fall and winter, not only on woman, socially and politically, but also upon temperance, of which she is an earnest champion. She is sure, by her talents and perseverance, to attain the great success we wish her.

GEORGE ELIOT.

We hear that George Eliot is writing another novel. This is welcome intelligence. The author of "Adam Bede" and "Romola" is in some respects the greatest novelist of her time. We say this, not forgetting Dickens and Thackeray. This woman's thoughts are so definite, her purpose is so high, her style is so clear, and above all, her characters are so full of instruction and warning to mankind, that her books have a claim to be classed in our permanent literature.

In "Romola "there is a figure that moves through the novel with something of the exquisite step of one of Shakespeare's own heroes. We mean Tito. What reader who has followed this man's promised brilliant career through a succession of moral tergiversations to a final downfall, can ever forget the almost supernatural distinctness of the impression which this piece of character-painting leaves upon the mind? Only a genius of high order is competent to such dramatic art as this.

Good novels are many; great novels few. Jane Eyre, the Scarlet Letter, and Romola, are specimens of what may be justly called great novels. And when the author of one of these is announced as engaged on a new work, we cannot help feeling that possibly our literature is about to receive another classic.

"PITY FOR ERRING WOMEN.

"Charles Dickens had a peculiar pity for fallen women, and was as tender toward them as his fellow-moralist, Dr. Johnson, always had been—which made a keen judge of human character say that Johnson might be a bear, but all that was rough about him was his skin. Once, in private conversation, during a ramble in the streets, Dickens said that he was sure that God looked leniently upon all vice that proceeded from human tenderness and natural passion."

We take the above extract from the forthcoming life of Dickens by Dr. Shelton Mackenzie. It might be interesting to those who are troubled about his future state to know that in one respect at least the man, even if not without sin, resembled his divine Master.

By the courtesy of Mr. ALFRED S. CAMPBELL, the gentlemanly proprietor of the well-known photographic portrait gallery, 680 Broadway, we have received some new pictures taken by that prince of photographers, NAPOLEON SARONY, proving conclusively that whatever may be the fate of his French namesake, he is not to be beaten in his own line by anybody.

The pictures to which we refer are imperial vignette and card vignette photographs of MISS ANTHONY and MRS. STANTON. They will be for sale hereafter at this office, and by agents, the larger ones for fifty cents and the smaller for twenty-five. Those who have seen the living pictures will, of course, get the "counterfeit presentments," but to those who are not so fortunate we would say, be sure and buy them, that you may see what a good face the advocates of woman suffrage put upon the matter.

Mrs. Jenny Jewell Hotchkiss, of Elmira, N. Y., will give dramatic readings this season before religious and literary associations. She is spoken of in most unqualified terms of praise, by those who have heard her, as being the equal of Miss Kimberly and Fanny Kemble.

WOMEN IN FRANCE.

In France the condition of women has been much lowered during the last eighty years. Many kinds of employment formerly open to them are now closed, mainly through government interference. Clerkships in all government offices, the post-office, telegraph, and in hospitals, are forbidden them, and they are even prohibited from becoming nurses and midwives. The main cause of this has been the policy of the present government to please the working men, together with the jealousy of the latter toward their female associates. Strikes were formerly prohibited, but when lately permitted, were first used to turn women out of the places which they had secured by the dearth of men after the wars of the first Napoleon. Not content with thus restricting women's means of support, the French government has gone even further, and denied them education. The endowed primary schools under official care do not admit females; and this is also the case with trades-schools; so that girls are dependent for instruction entirely upon private tuition.

These facts are on the authority of Jules Simon, who also states that the cost of living in Paris is two francs per day, while the average earnings of workwomen is from one franc twenty-five centimes to one franc fifty centimes for a day's work of twelve hours. In consequence, women, being compelled to labor incessantly to secure a bare existence, are unable to attend to their children, and have to put them in charge of public nurses. The result is that infant mortality is double that in England, so that half the children die before they are six months old. In England the average infant mortality is eighteen per cent., and the extreme rate at Ashton-under-Tyne, a manufacturing town, where the mortality is greatest, is only twenty-five per cent. In Rouen the rate is nearly fifty per cent.

Facts like these throw doubts on the professed enlightenment and humanity of the present French government, and present a far from hopeful prospect for women in the future.

MISS ROBERTSON'S NOVELS IN FRANCE — Miss Robertson's literary works are becoming as well known on the continent as in Great Britain. The following quotation is from the Paris journal, *Le Droit des Femmes:*

"The novels of Miss Anne Isabella Robertson are very popular, especially 'Myself and my Relatives,' 'Little Flaggs,' and 'Society in a Garrison Town.' They all have for their object the emancipation and social elevation of women. Miss Robertson is the only writer of fiction in England who treats of these questions in novels. Her books have a wonderful originality, and besides this, much of poetry of noble sentiments, of great ideas; and she has spent much time and money in advancing the cause of women by personal exertions, as well as by her literary efforts."

There is no effrontery equal to that of certain sanctimonious wiseacres of the religious press. Here, for instance, is Mr. Charles A. Richardson, editor of *The Congregationalist*, taking THE REVOLUTION to task for uttering what that gentleman regards as loose views of marriage. One would think that Mr. Richardson had been too lately conspicuous in the Macfarland case, figuring as the brother of a murdered man who held what were similarly styled "loose views of marriage," to make it consistent with good taste on the part of *The Congregationalist* to dabble again in a pool in which it was so lately soiled.

WOMAN IN UTAH.

From a volume recently laid upon our table called, "Life in Utah," we extract the following compendium of doctrine in reference to women:

"The first duty of woman is submission; the second is silence. Eve led Adam out of Paradise, he must now lead her back; for though woman, without man's help, may secure salvation, she cannot secure exaltation. She will not necessarily go to hell because she is single, but she can never rise to the first glory."

Even in view of the dreadful pains and penalties incurred by disobedience to the "revealed" will of the Saints, and the great reward promised to those who are "sealed" in "spiritual" marriage, we should think the difficulties in the way of doing the whole duty of a Mormon woman would cause some of the damsels of Utah to love "wisely" and "not too well," and to content themselves with the prospect of mere salvation and *second* glory. It would surely be some comfort to such children of disobedience to know that they might escape hell hereafter and had made certain their escape here.

The annual meeting of the Connecticut Woman Suffrage Association will be held at Hartford on Friday, September 9th, instead of Wednesday, the 7th, as before announced. The first meeting will open at ten o'clock, when the annual business will be transacted, and all persons interested are requested to attend punctually. During the latter part of the morning speeches may be expected; also in the afternoon and evening.

J. B. HOOKER,
Chairman Ex. Com.

We see it stated that the Literary Bureau have induced Jennie June Croly, the originator and founder of Sorosis and Woman's Parliament, to enter the lecture-field. Her topics will be "American dress" and "Sorosis, and what will come of it." We earnestly hope this is true, as there is no one knows better what to say and how to say it when she takes up a topic for discussion, than our clear-headed and warm-hearted cotemporary of Sorosis fame.

Mrs A. W. Bodeker is doing a good work, by circulating THE REVOLUTION in and about Asheville, N. C., where she says the cause of Woman's Rights is but little known, but excites great interest; and that our papers are read with avidity by all who can obtain them.

To our many patrons and friends who have solicited us for the pictures of MISS ANTHONY and MRS. STANTON we are happy to state, that during their late visit in New York SARONY succeeded in getting life-like vignettes of them, so that all orders will soon be filled.

Some has said that if woman was first formed from a bone it must have been the "bone of contention." How could it be otherwise, considering the nature of man? Isn't she bone of his bone?

Appleton's Journal tells of a remarkable grey parrot, over sixty years old, that has just begun to lay. Considering her age, we should think she would soon *lay herself out.*

Women studying law will hereafter be admitted to the law department of the University of Chicago upon the same terms as men.

About Women.

Alice Cary has gone to Round Hill, Northampton.

Mrs. Burlingame will return to the United States in September.

Miss Eliza Jennings has been lately made a bank director in Camfield, Ohio.

Madame Clara Schumann has been elected an Honorary Fellow of the Royal Academy of Music of Stockholm.

The Illinois woman college, which was burned recently, is nearly rebuilt, and will be opened again September 14.

A wag says that brilliants of the first water are those that are given to stop the wife's first tears after marriage.

The mother of O'Donovan Rossa, the Irish martyr, now in English custody, is in Charleston, S. C., in very feeble health.

Charles Arms, of South Deerfield, Mass., advertises for thirty girls to work on pocket-books.

Look out for a pretty warm encounter in Deerfield, if thirty girls rush to *arms* at once.

A Western obituary notice closes by saying: "She had an amiable temper, and was uncommonly fond of ice-cream, buttermilk, and other delicacies."

There are eight girls in the Michigan Agricultural College, and they have to work in the field three hours daily, the same as the young men.

It is estimated that over one hundred young ladies are at present studying law in this country. Probably they will become mothers-in-law one of these days.

Miss Leila Curtis, Mrs. Mary Richardson and Miss Ella Gibbons are practical wood-engravers in San Francisco, and well patronized.

The anniversary of the first Woman-Suffrage Association ever organized on the Pacific coast was celebrated last Wednesday week, July 27th.

Miss Middy Morgan, of the *Times*, left yesterday for the Buffalo horse races. Before she returns to town she will visit Niagara Falls. We expect some brilliant letters from her pen.

Caroline E. Talbert, the well-known Quakeress, is holding meetings in Providence with great success. She is laboring chiefly in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association.

Some of the New York papers declare that Jenny Lind's cousin, Bertha Lind, now dancing at an opera-house in that city, is the most beautiful woman that ever appeared on the American stage.

Mrs. Eunice Hubbard, a widow in humble circumstances, residing in Marshall county, Ind., recently received by mail a certified check for $3,000 from her first lover, whom she jilted years ago.

As this is the first instance of the kind on record, we do not advise young ladies generally to jilt their lovers with the hope of receiving $3,000 a jilt.

Mrs. Amanda Peer, of Laporte county, Ind., stated recently, on the occasion of her golden wedding, that herself and husband had been united for fifty-four years, and never had a word of difference, much less a real quarrel.

The astonishing part of this story is, not that the woman herself was of so angelic a temper, but that she had a husband who was her "peer."

A WIFE MAY SUE HER HUSBAND.

In the flow of extemporaneous utterance a "sweeping" assertion sometimes falls from the lips of our best-informed speakers, which, under other circumstances, would be qualified by not a few exeeptions. One of these declarations, not unfrequently repeated, is this: "At common law the husband and wife are one person; and hence, in not a single state of this free country can the wife sue her husband, how much soever he deprive her of her own property."

To one state, at least, this animadversion does not apply. Art. XI, sec. 14, of the constitution of California provides that "all property, both real and personal, of the wife, owned or claimed by her before marriage, and that acquired afterwards by gift, devise or descent, shall be her separate property." Now, although it is true that section 6 of the act of the legislature of that State, defining the rights of husband and wife, provides that "the husband shall have the management and control of the separate property of the wife during the continuance of the marriage," it was decided by the Supreme Court, as early as the October Term, 1868, that the wife, during coverture, can maintain an action against the husband to recover money due upon a note executed by him in her favor before the marriage, and which was her separate property. Moreover, that if he manage her separate property, he must manage it *as* her separate property, and permit her to enjoy the income thereof. The case was that of Orpha Wilson against William Wilson, from the Fifth Judicial District (San Joaquin county), and is given in 36 Cal. Rep. 447.

The volume being "in gold," and rare, even your professional readers may not object to your giving space to the following sensible remarks by Sawyer, Ch. Jus., in his opinion, 36 Cal., 453:

"Section 7 of the Practice Act authorizes the wife to sue alone 'when the action concerns her separate property,' and also, 'when the action is between herself and her husband.' There is no limitation as to the kind of actions that may be maintained between herself and her husband; and section 395, as amended in 1856, authorizes the husband and wife to testify on their own behalf, or on behalf of each other, as witnesses in actions between themselves, except in actions of divorce. This provision contemplates that there may be actions between husband and wife other than those relating to divorces. What are they unless relating to rights of property? Disputes with respect to property may arise between them when the separate existence of the wife and a separate right of property is recognized at law, as in this State, as well as other matters; and when they do arise, there is as great necessity for a judicial determination of the question as when they arise between other parties. A litigation of the kind between husband and wife may be unseemly and abhorrent to our ideas of propriety, but a litigation in one form can be no more so than in another, and no more so than the necessity itself which gives rise to the litigation. * * * The contracts sued on were valid contracts at the time they were made. The marriage did not divest the wife of her debt. The law made it separate property. The husband fails, and refuses to pay; and unless the wife can enforce payment in this action, she is without remedy, and she may never be able to enjoy the benefit of her property. * * * If there is a right there must be a remedy."

* * * * * * B.

At the recent meeting of the New Hampshire Unitarian Association, the President being absent, Mrs. J. F. Lovering, of Concord, (the wife of the clergyman,) was called to preside, "which," says the *Christian Register*, "she promptly did in a most able, graceful and charming manner, to the delight and entire satisfaction of all present.

A HEROIC WOMAN.

Many are the stories of heroic women; albeit, heroic women never publish their glorious deeds, and doubtless their bravest doings are known only in the councils of the angelic host. But certainly no brighter deed was ever put on record than that of Mrs. Trimble, in Boston Harbor, on Sunday last. A gentleman, Mr. McLaughlin, of Charlestown, had taken his wife and her friend, Mrs. Trimble, out in a little row-boat for pleasure. After a time Mr. McLaughlin was taken ill, and resigning the oars to the ladies he seated himself in the stern of the boat. The ladies paddled towards the shore, but while the boat was still in deep water, Mr. McLaughlin suddenly swooned and fell backwards into the sea. Mrs. Trimble instantly threw him an oar, but as he came up to the surface, it was evident that he could not help himself. Without a moment's delay the lady sprang overboard, caught hold of the drowning man, and swimming, kept herself and him afloat until both were picked up by a boat that put off to the rescue from Fort Warren.

None but a swimmer can fully appreciate such a deed. Comparatively few of the strong men who have learned to swim dare approach a drowning man. Indeed, the majority of even good swimmers lack the courage, strength and skill to bear up the body of a man struggling in the water. All honor, then, to brave Mrs. Trimble. Last Spring she put her sick husband to bed in their little cabin, and then with stout heart sailed their ship into her destined harbor. And now again, with stout heart and limb, she has brought a drowning husband back to his terror-stricken wife. Why is not she who knows, as few men know, the sacred value of human life, fit to cast her vote when questions of peace and war, of life and death, of the safety of the great ship of State and all that voyage therein are to be decided? Let her betters make reply.

DO WOMEN EARN THEIR OWN SUPPORT?

A common mistake of those who are indifferent to the claims of women is that they do not examine the facts of the question. If, as many of them seem to think, it is more a matter of sentiment than necessity, for women to extend their field of labor, and if it is really the case that women in the main rely on their husbands for support, their apathy may be reasonable. But as it is, the excess of women over men is enormous; large numbers of them never marry, and thousands are dependent upon themselves for support. The excess of women of all ages is, in Ireland, 4¼ per cent.; in the United States, 5 per cent.; Sweden, 6·3, and Scotland, 11 per cent. In England and Wales there are 513,000 more women than men, an average excess of three per cent. The last census but one showed that there were eight working women where there had formerly been six, and that 1,250,000 women were earning their living independent of men. In the face of these facts it is useless to call the demand for a larger field of labor mere sentiment. It is a necessity of the strongest kind.

Mrs. D. G. Croly, "Jennie June," with her family, is at Richfield Springs.

SAVED BY THE SEA.

BY JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

Continued from Page 123.

I have already said that at the extreme left of the picture presented to one who looks from the water on the scene I have described stands an old ruined fort. It is built on a low-lying little promontory which straggles into the sea. The changes which such a shore is constanty undergoing have of late so dealt with the situation of this poor ruin as to subject it, twice a day, to a sea-bath, rising nearly to its battlements. The ground on which it stood has been steadily sinking for generations; and now the old squre tower, which at one time must have been meant to guard the harbor, and domineer over the sea, stands far down below the level of the cliffs and the table-lands of fields and roads; and, indeed, the rising tide sometimes menaces to submerge it altogether. One can easily climb its ruined stairs, mount to the grass-grown floor at the top, and there watch the waters swell and swell until they come within a few feet of the spot whereon you stand, and you seem almost as isolated from the land as if you sat on a lonely rock in mid-ocean. Indeed, a very pleasant, piquant, odd, romantic sort of sensation may be enjoyed by mounting to the top of this old fort, while the tide yet allows you, and there, seated safely, watching the waves rise and rise till they surge and splash almost to your very feet, and you look abroad over a waste of sea, which seems every moment as if it would swallow up your resting-place and yourself—until, at last, the waters begin to recede, and you see your way to land again.

But people in general did not trouble themselves to enjoy this sensation. The residents of the town and the neighborhood never thought of such a thing, and it need hardly be said that the visitors of a season from Paris and London cared only about dressing for the bath, and dressing for the promenade, and dressing for the *table d'hote* dinner, and the ball at the *etablissement*, and so on. Churchill, however, with the restlessness and desire for new situation properly belonging to his country, soon and often explored the old ruin, and enjoyed the sensation of being surrounded there by the fierce-looking, harmless waves. Now that he could no longer see Lucille at her house, the lovers, I grieve to say, turned this grim old water-girt ruin to quite a new and uncongenial purpose; they made it a rendezvous, and had some sad, sweet meetings and partings there. And now Churchill is going away—actually going, for heaven knows how long—going to war, and perhaps to death! Just the old story—old in the days of Andromache—in the days of the Crusaders; as fresh and real as ever in the days of Antietam and Custozza—the lover goes to the war; the woman remains at home and weeps, and hopes and prays and is sick at heart.

The sun was sinking red and fierce behind heavy clouds when Churchill was taking leave of Lucille, and they yet stood safe from observation behind one of the unbroken battlements of the old fort. They were renewing, for the hundredth time or so, in that one meeting, their mutual pledges of eternal fidelity.

"You will write often, often, to your Lucille?"

"I will never fail, dearest. It makes me happy to think that our letters at least can reach each other. That dear, good girl will take care of that."

"Yes. Is she not a faithful creature, that good Nanette? And I will lay fresh flowers every morning on our loved Rose's grave."

"Your father, dearest, will not object to that, however he may now dislike me?"

"Oh no, no; he is too good and kind—"

"Kind!" repeated Churchill, rather bitterly.

"Kind in his way, *mon ami*. Oh, do not judge him harshly, for my sake! He will change—he will yield—he will be sorry, and miss you when you are gone."

Churchill shook his head sadly.

"And now," Lucille said, with dimmed and moist eyes, "I must return home, my loved one. My father will expect me."

Her lover looked over the broken rampart, and started.

"Lucille, dearest child, we have allowed the time to go by—at least *I* have—and the sea has risen far above the doorway."

"Ah, mon Dieu!" she screamed with a wild alarm, and she looked over the wall and saw that what he told her was only too true. "Oh, what to do! My father, what will he think?"

"*M'amie*, it is but a short delay—two or three hours or so, and this is our last meeting! You are safe here—as safe as if you were at home."

"Oh, Frank, you did not mean this—you did not keep me here purposely?" She looked anxiously in his face.

"My love, no; I never thought of it; my mind and memory were wholly wrapped up in you. But now that we are made prisoners here, I cannot say that I am very sorry for it—I can't, indeed! I feel rather grateful to the sea. This is our last meeting,"

"If my father should know! If the people should hear!"

She turned perfectly white and trembled. Her fear and agony were intensely real. Poor Churchill, long as he had now been in France, had not realized sufficiently to himself the cramped and manacled position of a French girl. The expression on Lucille's face now brought the reality of the situation only too plainly to his mind. Descent by the stairs was wholly impossible for Lucille, and the strip of strand between the fort and the cliffs was now a green channel of dashing sea. Lucille clasped her hands and looked almost as one in despair. Churchill had read Octave Feuillet's "Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre," and began to think the only course left for him was to imitate the hero of that famous story, leap from the roof of the tower and take his chances, thus at least securing Lucille from scandal. Perhaps Lucille had read the book too, and guessed what was passing in his mind, for she suddenly flung her arms around him, and held him with a strength he had not anticipated.

"No," she exclaimed, "never! You shall not risk your life in that sea. Better anything than that!"

"No danger, love. I can easily and safely get to shore, and then I will send help to you."

"Never! I will leave this place if you do. You shall not go. Ah, see, the good God has seen us, and sends help. Look yonder—a boat!"

Indeed, a small boat had put out from the shore some distance off, and having gone a little way out to sea, apparently to get out of the force of the ground-swell, was now making for the fort. It came nearer and nearer, and the lovers watched it with eyes of hope and anxiety. At last they could see that there was only one rower in it, and that it was the fisher-girl, Nanette.

The sea was not high enough to allow the lovers to get into the boat from the roof.

"*Vite! vite!* the lower windows!" cried and gesticulated the stalwart fisher-girl, as she stood in the tossing boat, firm and steady as if her feet rested on the beach itself. Churchill, who had a little of the artist's soul, could not refuse even at that moment to admire the strength and grace and composure of her attitude; the supple, strong form which had never been cursed by a corset; the round, straight limbs which high-heeled boots had never disjointed.

"Nanette!" he exclaimed, a flash of joyous humor succeeding to the pain of the previous moment, "you are worth ten thousand lectures on Woman's Right's! Come to my country, and you shall take the lead of Cady Stanton!"

The speech was wholly lost on poor Nanette, who only smiled and showed all her white teeth good-humoredly, as a sort of acknowledgment of something which she presumed must be meant for a compliment.

"*Tenez*, mademoiselle," she cried, above the sound of the dashing waves; "it was well, was it not, that I saw something on the top of the tower, and guessed it was you? But descend to the lower windows. Bring her down, monsieur, then I will bring the boat in. The miserable sea is so rough I am afraid the boat may be dashed to pieces."

All this was said in a *patois* which I certainly shall not endeavor to reproduce here. It was about half intelligible to Churchill; but what he could not quite understand he guessed at. The fisher-lass was now seated at her oars again. She had enough to do to keep the boat from being dashed against the old fort, for the sea was very rough, and the last flashes of angry red across the heavy cloud-banks in the West seemed to promise a very bad quarter of an hour to come.

Churchill hurried Lucille down the broken stairs. Now the lower floor was an almost utter ruin. The centre had all given way and fallen through. A portion of the flooring still clung to the side where the staircase was, and thence you might creep along a narrow ledge to the window which looked on the sea. This window was large enough for any one to get out of, and it had a wide and strong ledge on which two or three persons could cling or stand. The sea was now nearly level with this window.

Lucille trembled for a moment as she reached the step of the staircase which was level with this crumbled floor, and she saw the narrow ledge along which she would have to crawl in order to reach the window. Churchill, holding her hand, knew that she started and shivered.

TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.

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LITERARY.

Demorest gives us a glimpse of the Fall Fashions, and is full of pleasant reading.

Arthur's Home Magazine for September is worthy the reputation of its editor. Need we say more?

The *Nursery*, of Boston, and the *Children's Home*, of Philadelphia, for very young readers, are both unexceptionably good for little folks.

Putnam contains articles by Bishop Kip, E. C. Stedman, Samuel Osgood, D. D., Mrs. Eames, Dr. W. A. Hammond and other writers more or less known.

The *Phrenological Journal* and *Packard's Monthly* for September falls no whit behind its predecessors in interesting and useful matter.

Good Health for September tells us "How to eat, how to bring up babies," and how to prevent preventible diseases," besides a great many other things that everybody should know.

The *Riverside* for September, which always hides something bright under its bright cover, is not quite equal to its ordinary issues in the way of poetry, but its deficiency in this respect is well atoned for in the excellent prose articles which it furnishes.

We have received "Lloyd's Topographical and Railway Map of the Seat of War in Europe." After the high praise from high places which Lloyd's maps have heretofore received any word of commendation from us would seem to be a work of supererogation. Nevertheless, we feel compelled to add our voice to the general verdict. The War map is published at 30 Cortlandt street, New York, and is sent free by mail for the very low price of fifty cents.

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